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a quarter to five acres of land, stable, garden

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Manchester, Vt., July 20, 1878. 304

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Peru, Vt., May 28, 1878. 322m

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prices. I also keep a stock of fruit in season.

HENRY GREEN,

Manchester Depot, Vt., Aug. 18, 1878. 33-3m

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the interest of all who need goods in our line to

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An assortment of Whips, Blankets &c.

Constantly on Hand.

Persons wishing skins to sell or tan will find

great care in skinning.

AM. Cat skins are not worth tanning.

Dorset, Nov. 4, 1878. 23-31v

NOW IS THE TIME

to get those

Old Clothes Colored

And Cleaned up for Summer Wear.

It will make them look as well as new and save

buying. We shall send a boy nearly every week

during the spring. All orders warranted and

guaranteed to give satisfaction. Dresses

should be ripped before dyeing. But coats, pants

and other goods can be dyed without.

H. K. SIMMONS,

Manchester, Vt., April 18, 1879. 37v

JOHN IN TIME.

Dinner was over at last, and Mr. Wal-

ter Currie, English commissioner at the

up country station of Hants-Bag, in

Northern India, had gone out upon the

veranda with his wife and his two guests

—the colonel and major of the 4th light

infantry—to enjoy the cool of the evening.

On three sides the house was surrounded

by its compound, a large inclosed

space, serving the place of a courtyard;

but the fourth was only separated by a

small patch of garden from the public

road, along which a number of native

women were passing with their little

pitchers on their heads.

The sight of them naturally turned the

conversation upon a favorite subject with

all Anglo Indians, viz., the character of

the natives, and the best method of deal-

ing with them.

There's only one way, said the colonel,

emphatically. Tell 'em what they are to

do, make 'em do it, and thrash 'em well

if they don't. That's my way.

Well, I venture to differ from you, said

the colonel, said Mr. Currie, quietly. I've

had to do some thrashing once or twice, I

own, but most of my native servants

seem to get along very well without it,

and they serve me excellently. I assure

you.

I wish you'd been in my place, then,

reiterated the colonel; you'd have changed

your opinion, I warrant. Why, the year

before last, when I had charge of two

battalions of the rascals down at Suifu-

poor, because there was another officer's

office within reach—just my confounded

luck! I was not getting anything done

unless I did it myself. By Jove! if I

had to be everything at once—my own

quartermaster, my own sergeant-major, my

own caterer, and—

And your own trumpeter, Colonel An-

neley? asked Mrs. Currie, with an arch

smile.

The colonel's broad face reddened im-

mensely, and an explosion seemed im-

minent when a sudden clamor of angry

voices from the road below drew them

all to the front of the veranda.

The cause of the disturbance was visible

at a glance. Two half-drunken

English soldiers, swaggering along the

road, had come into violent contact with

a native boy who was running past; and

one of them, enraged at the collision, had

felled the poor lad to the ground, and

was uncoiling his own belt with the

evident intention of beating him unmerc-

cifully.

Serve the young whelp right, shouted

the colonel rubbing his hands, that's just

what they sit want.

The other officer, Major Armstrong—

popularly called Major Strongarm—was a

huge, brawny, silent man, whose forte lay

in setting rather than in talking.

During the whole of the discussion he

had sat like a great bronze statue, never

uttering a word; but at the sight of this

man in using this child, he woke up rather

staringly.

To leap to the ground twelve feet be-

low, to dash across the garden, to vault

over the high stocks beyond, was the

work of a moment for the athletic major;

and in another instant he had raised the

fallen boy tenderly from the ground, and

while saying to the foremost soldier, in

the low, compressed tone of a man who

means what he says:

Be off with you!

And who the duke are you, shovin' yer

nose in where you ain't wanted? roared

the infuriated soldier, to whose eyes the

major's plain evening dress bore no token

that he was an officer; just you—

The sentence was never finished.

At the sound of that impatient defiance,

Armstrong's sorely tried patience gave

way altogether, and the powerful hand

which had felled his way through a whole

squadron of Sikh cavalry, fell like a

sledge hammer upon his opponent's face,